LITERARY EXAMINER.

Happy Alone.

I am only happy when alone;
Then I can think of thee,
And hear no harsh discordant tone
To break my revery.
They tell me that my heart is cold—
Unsocial, too, and strange;
But could they see its inmost fold,
How soon their thoughts would change!

Now thou art absent, every hour
Seems doubled with Despair,
Whose stern supremacy of power
Crushes the bright and fair.
I weary of the shortest day,
Am grateful when 'tis flown,
For when night comes, I steal away
To think of thee alone.

I look upon the starry skies,
And worship each small gem;
Because, I think, perhaps thine eyes
Are gazing, too, on them.
And then I wonder if thy love
Be constant as my own,
And if whilst viewing them above,
Thou think'st of me alone.

I mix not with the joyous throng,
Where glad hearts aptly meet;
I never sing thy fav'rite song—
The one you call so sweet—
I keep it, cherish it, for thee;
I call that song my own,
And never is it sung by me
Save when I am alone.

My thoughts all tending to one source,
Are habited in gloom;
Apparent joy I cannot force—
I never could assume.
To think of thee, morn, noon, and night,
My heart is ever prone,
And all I ask to feel delight
Is but to be alone.

Oh! when wilt thou return again
To change the hue of things?
Time seems to move alone in pain
On dark and sombre wings.
Oh! when wilt thou return to cheer
The heart that 's all thine own,
That it may be less sad and drear—
Less happy when alone?

Fraser's Magazine.

Extract from Gov. Seward's Oration on the Death of John Quincy Adams.

The model by which JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, formed his character was CICERO. Not the living CICERO, sometimes inconsistent; often irresolute; too often seeming to act a studied part, and always covetous of applause. But CICERO, as he aimed to be, and as he appears revealed in those immortal emanations of his genius which have been the delight and guide of intellect and virtue in every succeeding age. Like the Roman, ADAMS was an orator, but he did not fall into the error of the Roman, in practically valuing eloquence more than the beneficence to which it should be devoted. Like him, he was a Statesman and Magistrate, worthy to be called "The second Founder of the Republic,"—like him, a teacher of Didactic Philosophy, of morals, and even of his own peculiar art; and like him, he made all liberal learning tributary to that noble art, while Poetry was the inseparable companion of his genius in its hours of relaxation from the labors of the Forum and of the Capitol.

Like him, he loved only the society of good men, and by his generous praise of such, illustrated the Roman's beautiful aphorism, that no one can be envious of good deeds, who has confidence in his own virtue. Like CICERO he kept himself unstained by social or domestic vices; preserved serenity and cheerfulness; cherished habitual reverence for the Deity, and dwelt continually, not on the mystic theology of the schools, but on the hopes of a better life. He lived in what will be regarded as the virtuous age of his country, while CICERO was surrounded by an overwhelming degeneracy. He had the light of Christianity for his guide; and its sublime motives as incitements to virtue: while CICERO had only the confused instructions of the Grecian Schools, and saw nothing certainly attainable but present applause and future fame. In moral courage, therefore, he excelled his model and rivalled CATO. But CATO was a visionary, who insisted upon his right to act always without reference to the condition of mankind, as he should have acted in PLATO's imaginary Republic. ADAMS stood in this respect midway between the impracticable Stoic and the too flexible Academician. He had no occasion to say, as the Grecian orator did, that if he had sometimes acted contrary to himself, he had never acted contrary to the Republic; but he might justly have said, as the noble Roman did, "I have rendered to my country all the great services which she was willing to receive at my hands, and I have never harbored a thought concerning her that was not divine."

More fortunate than CICERO, who fell a victim to civil wars which he could not avert, ADAMS was permitted to linger on the earth, until the generations of that future age, for whom he had lived and to whom he had appealed from the condemnation of contemporaries, came up before the curtain which had shut out his sight, and pronounced over him, as he was sinking into the grave, their judgment of Approval and Benediction.

The distinguished characteristics of his life were BENEFICENT LABOR and PERSONAL CONTENTMENT. He never sought wealth, but devoted himself to the service of mankind. Yet by the practice of frugality and method, he secured the enjoyment of dealing forth continually no stinted charities, and died in affluence. He never solicited place or preferment, and had no partizan combinations or even connections; yet he received honors which eluded the covetous grasp of those who formed parties, rewarded friends and proscribed enemies; and he filled a longer period of varied and distinguished service than ever fell to the lot of any other citizen. In every stage of this progress he was CONTENT. He was content to be President, Minister, Representative or Citizen.

Stricken in the midst of this service, in the very act of rising to debate, he fell into the arms of Conscript Fathers of the Republic. A long lethargy supervened and oppressed his senses. Nature rallied the wasting powers, on the verge of the grave, for a very brief period. But it was long enough for him. The re-kindled eye showed that the re-collected mind was clear, calm and vigorous. His weeping family, and his sorrowing compeers were there. He surveyed the scene, and knew at once its fatal import. He had left no duty unperformed; he had no wish unsatisfied; no ambition unattained; no regret, no sorrow, no fear, no remorse. He could not shake off the dews of death that gathered on his brow. He could not pierce the thick shades that rose up before him. But he knew that Eternity lay close by the shores of Time. He knew that his Redeemer lived. Eloquence, even in that hour, inspired him with his ancient sublimity of utterance. "THIS," said the dying man, "THIS IS THE END OF EARTH." He paused for a moment and then added, "I AM CONTENT." Angels might well draw aside the curtains of the skies to look down on such a scene—a scene that approximated even to that scene of unapproachable sublimity, not to be recalled without reverence, when in mortal agony, ONE who spake as never man spake, said, "IT IS FINISHED."

Only two years after the birth of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, there appeared on an Island in the Mediterranean Sea, a Human Spirit, newly born, endowed with equal genius, without the regulating qualities of Justice and benevolence which ADAMS possessed in an eminent degree. A like career opened to both—Born like Adams, a subject of a King—the child of more genial skies, like him, became in early life a patriot and a citizen of a new and great Republic. Like ADAMS he lent his service to the State in precocious youth, and in its hour of need, and won its confidence. But unlike ADAMS he could not wait the dull delays of slow and laborious, but sure advancement. He sought power by the hasty road that leads through fields of carnage, and he became like ADAMS, a Supreme Magistrate, a Consul, But there were other Consuls. He was not content. He thrust them aside, and was Consul alone. Consular power was too short. He fought new battles and was Consul for life. But Power, confessedly derived from the People, must be exercised in obedience to their will, and must be resigned to them again, at least in death. He was not content. He desolated Europe afresh, subverted the Republic, imprisoned the Patriarch who presided over Rome's comprehensive See, and obliged him to pour on his head the sacred oil that made the persons of Kings divine, and their right to reign indefeasible. He was an Emperor. But he saw around him a mother, brothers and sisters not ennobled; whose humble state reminded him, and the world, that he was born a Plebian; and he had no heir to wait impatient for the Imperial Crown. He scourged the earth again, and again Fortune smiled on him even in his wild extravagance. He bestowed Kingdoms and Principalities upon his kindred—put away the devoted wife of his youthful days, and another, a daughter of Hapsburgh's Imperial house, joyfully accepted his proud alliance. Offspring gladdened his anxious sight; a diadem was placed on its infant brow, and it received the homage of princes, even in its cradle. Now he was indeed a monarch—a legitimate Monarch—a Monarch by Divine appointment—the first of an endless succession of Monarchs. But there were other Monarchs who held sway in the Earth. He was not content. He would reign with his kindred alone. He gathered new and greater armies, from his own land—from subjugated lands. He called forth the young and brave—one from every household—from the Pyrenees to the Zuyder Zee—from Jura to the Ocean. He marshalled them into long and majestic columns, and went forth to seize that universal dominion which seemed almost within his grasp. But Ambition had tempted Fortune too far. The nations of the Earth resisted, repelled, pursued, surrounded him. The pageant was ended. The crown fell from his presumptuous head. The wife who had wedded him in his pride forsook him when the hour of fear came upon him, His child was ravished from his sight. His kinsmen were degraded to their first Estate, and he was no longer Emperor, nor Consul, nor General, nor even a Citizen, but an Exile and a Prisoner, on a lonely Island, in the midst of the wild Atlantic. Discontent attended him there. The wayward man fretted out a few long years of his yet unbroken manhood, looking off at the earliest dawn and in evening's latest twilight, towards that distant world that had only just eluded his grasp. His heart corroded. Death came, not unlooked for, though it came even then unwelcome. He was stretched on his bed within the fort which constituted his Prison. A few fast and faithful friends stood around with the guards who rejoiced that the hour of relief from long and wearisome watching, was at hand. As his strength wasted away, delirium stirred up the brain from its long and inglorious inactivity. The Pageant of Ambition returned. He was again a Lieutenant, a General, a Consul, an Emperor of France. He filled again the throne of Charlemagne. His kindred pressed around him, again re-invested with the pompous pageantry of Royalty. The Daughter of the long line of Kings again stood proudly by his side, and the sunny face of his Child shone out from beneath the diadem that encircled its flowing locks. The Marshals of the Empire awaited his command. The legions of the Old Guard were in the field, their scarred faces rejuvenated, and their ranks, thinned in many battles, replenished. Russia, Prussia, Austria, Denmark and England, gathered their mighty hosts to give him battle. Once more he mounted his impatient charger, and rushed forth to conquest. He waved his sword aloft and cried "TETE D'ARMEE." The feverish vision broke—the mockery was ended. The silver cord was loosed, and the warrior fell back upon his bed a lifeless corpse. THIS was the END OF EARTH. THE CORSICAN WAS NOT CONTENT.

STATESMEN AND CITIZENS! The contrast suggests its own impressive moral.

The Look of Jove.

"Wide-seeing Zeus lookt down; as mortals knew
By the woods bending under his dark eye,
And huge towers shuddering on the mountain-top,
And stillness in the valley, in the word,
And over the deep waters all round earth."
[*Landor's Hellenics.*

Precocity.

People talk such nonsense about precocity! As if it were only connected with genius and singularity. But genius is *not* precocity; if anything it is exactly the reverse. Genius, in truth, is something more childlike still than childhood—more foolish, more fanciful, and more faithful, and incorrigibly so for life. Instead of anticipating in childhood the mind of a man, it retains in manhood the heart of a child. Every genius is a child, and every child is a genius, morally, if not intellectually, or there is little to be hoped from him. But it is your wise, prudent, hard, sedate children, who are really precocious, born with a kind of spurious native experience of their own, who naturally antedate that caution and cunning which others so painfully acquire; keeping out of scrapes and disappointments, because they have none of that love and trust which lead other children in. This is the precocity parents should be afraid of. They will have a child who will save them a world of present trouble, who will commit no blunders, and break no bounds, save his pocket money, and spare his clothes, spy out all his brothers' and sisters' faults, and report all the servants' peccadilloes, and be probably held up in the family as a standard of circumspection and prudence, or, what is falsely called, up to a certain age in juvenile life, of "goodness;" but let them not rejoice; they will have a son who will desert his father if he be unfortunate, grind his mother if she be a widow, bear a smooth character to the world, but a hard heart to his own, turn against his parents in their old age the very character they falsely bestowed in his youth; and, in addition to this, have the strongest health and longest life of the family; for there is no life-preserver like the precocity of a narrow spirit and a cold heart.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Life-like Sketch.

"It was at the close of one of the early autumn days of the year 1794—the period when, with the fall of the tyrant philanthropist Robespierre, the Reign of Terror lost its sway, and France began slowly to awaken, with still throbbing heart, as from a deadly nightmare. A thick autumnal haze hovered over the shore enclosed between the two advancing horns of cliff, which marked out the small bay of Etretat and added a somewhat premature gloominess to the thickening twilight. Seen through this fantastic veil of fog, the beach presented in one part a strange and almost phantasmagoric picture. Here and there, at irregular distances, glimmered lights, casting a sickly halo round them, which, but for their being stationary, might have been mistaken for the phosphoric gleams of a congregation of *ignes fatui;* whilst out of the thick haze pierced the discordant noise of many shrill voices, which, at some distance, might have impressed a credulous imagination with the idea that a party of water-sprites were holding their revels upon the beach; until, upon a nearer approach, the sounds were too evident to be mistaken for anything but the reality—the intense and unceasing chattering of several female tongues. The group, or rather groups of women, from which arose this confusion of voices, formed so strange a scene, and one of a nature so peculiar to the locality, as to demand some explanation.

"According to the tradition of the country, a river formerly pursued its course through the valley leading to Etretat, and hurried foaming and bubbling through the village, before it lost itself in the sea, until, struck by a curse, it afterwards took an underground course. Certain it is, that from among the pebbles of the shelving beach gushes, from some subterranean spring, a broad fresh-water source, that finds its way to the sea under the masses of shingle with which the shore of Etretat is heaped; and, although checked and covered by the rising tide, this subterranean stream flows freely upon its ebb. Its water is used by the village housewives as a reservoir for the purpose of washing their family linen; and at the hour of low-tide they come down to the beach, with buck-basket, wooden flappers, and other symbols of the mysteries of French washing, scoop themselves a rude basin among the heap of pebbles, until they reach the fresh flow beneath, and then kneel down to their work by its side. These daily meetings thus naturally depend upon the time of low water: but be it at morning, noon, or night, the washing hour is never neglected—the less so, as it is at that point and hour of general *rendezvous* that the village gossip and scandal have full play.

"Upon the evening in question, every good housewife and damsel had brought her dim horn lanthorn to aid her in her labors, for the hour of low water had fallen late in the twilight, and the haze was thick and gloomy; and as the pale light of the small candle gleamed faintly through the mist on each stooping form enveloped in a dusky cloak, the hood of which was drawn over the face to keep off the chill air, and glanced from the water which splashed beneath the hands, a strange picture was formed, the meaning or even the separate parts of which, it would have been difficult for a stranger to comprehend or sunder. Not less confused was the Babel discourse of the several fisher gossips, as their chatter rose from the various detached groups above the noise of the incessant beating and rubbing of the rough materials which filled each impromptu basin of shingle.

"'Indeed, and you may say it,' said one voice among the number, 'these are fearful times, when not a bit of bread is to be had oftimes for the poor hungry babes. Would we could have flitted away like seamews, with the great folks who left the land. Why! *commeres,* the very fishes have fled the shores. Ever since the death of the poor king under the axe, not a herring has come to net upon the coast. One would have thought the waters were troubled with blood, and too bitter for the poor creatures: and this year it is no better.'—'And why should it?' she added in a tone of very questionable resignation. 'Who is to pay for our fish, when there are none to buy?'

"'And what good did they do us when they were here, your rich folks and your great folks?' said a sourfaced, middle-aged woman, raising up her pinched features to the full light of her lanthorn, 'What good did they do to us, ramping and tearing about the country with their horses and dogs, and grudging a bit of hardly-earned bread to a poor lone woman? I should like to know that, Ma'ame Jacqueline.'

"'While the poor murdered Marquis and his sainted wife were still at Rocheville, they were ever kind to me and mine. We never wanted bread then—' replied the sturdy Jacqueline. 'And let but a tongue wag out against them, and I know where there's a bold one ready for a wipe in their defence, and a stout heart to back it, or may be an arm also—do ye hear, Ma'ame Bellotte?'

"'He was a bloodthirsty aristocrat, and a Pitt, and a Coburg, for all that,' murmured Madame Bellotte between her teeth, evidently not well aware of the sense of her objurgation, but satisfied with the consolatory consciousness that she was 'calling hard names.'

"'And whose eye was dry at Rocheville; whose heart was not heavy at Etretat—' pursued Jacqueline, raising up her head and putting back her hood with much energy, 'when the sad news came how his head had fallen under the knife—the new-fashioned instrument of death, that works day and night, they say, in the capital, mounting and descending like a living thing? But there are some people whose hearts are as bitter as gall; or may be, their tempers have been soured in their youth, because the lads and lasses of the village made scoffing songs upon them to be sung in the round at the village dances, when their petticoats grew daily more and more scanty about their legs, and never a wedding-ring on their fingers.'

"'Meaning me, ma'ame?' cried Madame Bellotte, rising up upon her knees at this direct sarcasm.

"'Where the hook catches, there the gill bleeds,' was Jacqueline's only answer, as she folded her stout arms before her.' "

[*Second Love, &c.*

From Graham's Magazine.

Sonnet—A Prediction.

BY JAMES LAWSON.

The day approaches, when a mystic power,
Shall summon mute Antiquity, to tell
The buried glories of the long lost hour,
And she will answer the enchanter's spell—
Then shall we hear what wondrous things befell
When the young world existed in its prime.
The truths revealed will turn the wisest pale,
That ignorance so long abused their time.
Vainly may Error blessed Truth assail
With specious argument, and looking wise
Exult, as millions worship at her shrine;
Yet, in the time ordained, shall Truth arise
And walk in beauty over earth and skies,
While man in reverence bows before her power divine!

☞ The setting of the "stars" will be the rising of the sun of the drama.

Zschokke.

Not far from the river shore, on the slope of the hills which shut in the Valley of the Aar, stands, amongst other country houses, the villa of a man who, though a native German, has now for many years become, by adoption, a Swiss, and who is one of the very few who have not only entered thoroughly into the life, spirit, and institutions of their adopted country, but have, by writing, speech, and action, done brave battle in her cause, at numerous and trying emergencies. In that vine-covered house upon the hill, surrounded by its beautiful gardens, lives Heinrich Zschokke, whose numerous and well-known writings have excited so much sympathy and admiration in Germany as well as Switzerland. His Swiss History has been a valuable book for the people of Switzerland; and his Autobiography proves how much interest he took, and how various, active, and useful were the parts he played at various times on the political arena. At present he lives in retirement at this villa, built with the receipts of his writings. In having attained through literature the means for such outlay, he does indeed stand alone among the greater number of German authors; but Zschokke's works are not of an ordinary kind, and some of them have brought him a rich remuneration, as for example, his *History of the Bavarian People and their Princes.* He is also now known as the author of the *Hours of Devotion,* which, from its wide circulation, must considerably have improved his pecuniary circumstances. The tall and dignified old man, whose blue eyes still retain their lively and benevolent expression, received me with friendly hospitality into his family circle. He lives like a patriarch, surrounded by sons and grandsons; and, walking in his garden beneath the shadow of trees planted and reared by himself, he conversed with me of his former active life. Many of his sons are in the service of the State of Aargau; one of them is married to Zschokke's adopted daughter, the father of whom it was whose fate suggested to Zschokke his tale of *Alamontade, the Galley-Slave.* This beautiful young woman, who, with her children, was on a visit at the house of Zschokke during my stay, added not a little to the charm of the aged patriarch's family circle. From the recent disturbances of Switzerland, Zschokke appears to have held himself entirely aloof, being naturally disinclined, at the age of seventy-six, to mingle again with the wild discord and fierce strife of political parties. His deep enthusiasm for the cause of the people, for which he formerly made such active exertions, remains unchanged; yet many of the warmest desires of modern times may excite in him no responsive emotion, and even in that for which he formerly labored so assiduously he now works only in words, whose influence is incapable of producing much effect on the rapid course of political affairs. From this villa the old statesman, author, teacher, and reformer, looks far out over the blooming valley of the Aar, stretching out before him like a garden; and little is it to be wondered at if he desires no change, living in peaceful enjoyment amid these lovely scenes, surrounded and blessed by his large and happy family, and seeing the canton of which he is a citizen, prosperous, enlightened, and improving, and his own house the point of attraction for many a passing traveler, coming to offer his tribute of admiring veneration.—*Switzerland in* 1847.

Female Loveliness.

Whene'er with soft serenity she smiled,
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,
How Sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
Each look, each motion, marked a new born grace,
That o'er her form its trancient glory cast;
Some lovely wonder soon usurped the place,
Chased by a charm still lovelier than the rest.
[*Mason.*

National Prejudices.

From the moment in which the exercise of certain expressions of good will is exclusively directed to the body, the class, or nation to which we belong, and is denied to others—from the moment in which they break out into words and deeds of antipathy; from the moment in which the fact that a fellow-man speaks a different language, or lives under a different government, constitutes him an object of contempt, abhorrence, or misdoings—from that moment it is maleficent. A toast for example, in America has been given, "Our country, right or wrong!" which is in itself a proclamation of maleficence; and if brought into operation, might lead to crimes and follies on the widest conceivable field—to plunder, murder, and all the consequences of unjust wars. Not less blameworthy was the declaration of a prime minister of this country, "That England—nothing but England—formed any portion of his care or concern." An enlarged philanthropy indeed might have given to both expressions a deontological meaning, since the true interests of nations, as the true interests of individuals, are equally those of prudence and benevolence; but the phrases were employed solely to justify wrong, if that wrong were perpetrated by the land or government which we call our own. Suppose a man were to give as a toast, in serious earnest, "Myself, right or wrong!" Yet the above assumptions of false patriotism, both in America and England, are founded on no better principle.—*Bentham.*

The Diamond.

The diamond is the chief of stones, the hardest and most luminous, even phosphoric in the dark. Among the ancients the perfect crystals were alone valued. They were not aware of that property which enables modern diamond-workers to produce such brilliancy, viz: the use of its own powder as the cutting agent; many stones which, with our skill, are of enormous value, would have been rejected by them. Though said by Pliny to be so hard as to indent the hammer that strikes rather than break, in the direction of its axis of crystallization it fractures readily. This quality is used in the first stage of manufacture. It was in the year 1476 that Louis de Berghem, of Bruges, first discovered the property of powdered diamonds, and the mode of application. Roses and table diamonds were the only kinds that he produced. The most perfect shape for reflection or refraction of light is that which is called the brilliant, being two truncated pyramids united at their bases; the upper bearing of the lower in height above the girdle or line of junction the proportion of five to ten, leaving the plane of truncation, or the culet of the lower pyramid, one-fifth the superficies of the upper, or as for distinction it is termed the table. The sides of the upper pyramid are covered with triangular facets; those which have their base on the base of the pyramid are called skill-facets; those radiating from the table are called star-facets. These in a well cut stone meet half-way down the sides—The lower pyramid is similarly treated—the skill-facets being to the culet-faces as three to two in length. This is the best form for bringing out the brilliancy of the diamond; if the sides are too perpendicular, the light is radiated from the eye of the spectator; if too horizontal, a flatness of lustre arises, for the light passes more easily through the crystal in the direction of its poles than transversely through its lamina; it is therefore in a thin brilliant less reflected. Experience has found that the discovery of larger diamonds bears a fixed proportion to that of smaller, so that the price is regulated, accordingly—the rule of calculation being that as the square of the weights so must be the value.

So jealous are the Indians of the size of their diamonds, that when they work them they make the facets follow the form in which the stone is found, be it a perfect or imperfect crystal; but rather than this small loss, they frequently are content with them unwrought. Stones of extraordinary size are claimed as the property of the Prince, and transmitted as heir-looms, through generations, a small dot being made in some part of the stone by each possessor—The finest collection of gems in the world is in the possession of the Shah of Persia, obtained by the plunder of Delhi about two centuries ago. Cardinal Mazarin, in the reign of Louis XIV., was the first who wore a brilliant. This truly scientific arrangement is, therefore, but of modern invention. Extraordinary value attaches to some diamonds. The largest diamond in the world is in the possession of the Great Mogul, in form and size equal to half a hen's egg, weighing about 700 carats; supposing it to be worked and fine, giving £8 as the value of a single carat stone, and applying the rule of geometrical progression, the result is enormous The next in size is the Brazilian diamond, in the possession of the King of Portugal, weighing 215 carats. The third is an oriental diamond, bought by Catherine, Empress of Russia for £90,000, and an annuity of £4,000. The fourth is the Pitt or Regent diamond, bought by the Duke of Orleans for £100,000 now in the crown of France. To those of merely material conceptions such values may be indications of folly; but to those who regard gems as symbols of ideas, as without doubt they have been, and even now are held, money seems but a poor parallel. The supplies of Europe are chiefly drawn from Brazil. The famed mines of Golconda are no longer worked, and but a limited quantity, in value about £100,000 per year, is still sent from Allahabad in Hindoostan. The great influx of diamonds which followed their discovery in South America alarmed the holders about the year 1735, lest diamonds should become as plentiful as pebble stones. They fell greatly in value. but have since regained their worth, and have for years maintained a value rather increasing than diminishing with the growing wealth of the world.—*History and Object of Jewellery.*

The Hamadryad.

"What so beautiful
As that grey robe which clings about thee close,
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,
As, toucht by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs
Of graceful platan by the river-side."
[*Landor's Hellenics.*

The Nursery.

The nursery is a wonderful world, and all that therein is, but baby is the greatest wonder of all. That little separate thing in the world—uncommunicating with others, unremembered by itself—that mysterious state of being before the deluge of memory sets in, lying there, like a hermit in its cell, as if gathering strength in passive contemplation for the world's encounter. Who says that a baby does not think or feel? Have they never seen that strange smile breaking "through clouds of infant flesh," and then passing away, as if it caught for a moment the harmonies of heaven? Or have they never heard that stranger sigh—the first spontaneous language of one who is "born to sorrow"—as if it heard from afar the growing jar of this earth—incognizant, to our apprehensions, as it lies passively there, either of this world or that, yet stamped by that very smile and sigh, as the being who stands mysteriously between both?

But the noise and uproar have been too much! The round lustrous eyes are wide open, which like the eyes of the divine child in the Sistine Madonna, seem to look at nothing, in gazing beyond all things, and baby is seated on nurse's knee. There it sits, the little stranger, who dwelleth so calmly amongst us, without speech or movement, though brothers and sisters are screaming and running around it, looking so serenely content, as if it knew how little either could weigh in the balance with its own deep repose.

There is no model like a lovely baby for true queenly dignity—the wide open gaze, the hands' slow movement, the proud drawing up if the usual etiquette be transgressed reminding us of the beautiful lines in the *Lyra Innocentium:*

Why so stately, maiden fair,
Rising in thy nurse's arms,
With that condescending air,
Gathering up thy queenly charms?—

the round, portly form, moving slowly to and fro, imbedded in lawn and fine linen. And then, when a few months older, the truly royal impatience of opposition, the autocratic air with which spoon and rattle are dashed down, the haughty stare if some monitory voice exclaim, "Baby! baby!" and then the celestial smile, as if to forgive you for having been angry with her.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Love's Messenger.

"She was sent forth
To bring that light which never wintry blast
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,
The light that shines from loving eyes upon
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more."
[*Landor's Hellenics.*

Children's Society.

The society of young children is, in a high degree, softening and refining to the mind. You seldom see nurse-maids with vulgar, rough manners. They acquire a kind of sister-of-charity expression from the constant atmosphere of tenderness and simplicity in which they live. The French have a right name for them, as they have for most things. They call her "*la bonne.*" We can't help thinking, too, that in most cases she is a far better companion to the child in its first years than even its own mother.—Her absence of intellect is more on a par with the child's dawn of it. She is not so perpetually probing for the young idea, to see whether it be shooting. She has a kind of passive patience and dumb fidelity, on which the child's nature can more easily repose. A child may actually learn but little from its nurse, though the reverse is often the case, but with her it is always *the child.* Even an unprincipled woman will be innoxious towards the children committed to her charge. She may be robbing the parents, but she will respect the child.—There is something in the very tenor of her charge which brings out the tender maternal feeling dormant in every woman's breast, and the purer here for being unmixed with any of the vulgar cares of life. They are *bona fide* her children, without any of the drawbacks of anxiety for their future provision, or labor for their present wants. She lives in luxury with only the duties of a mother. Every own mother has many more.—*Fraser's Magazine,*

A Portrait.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Loving and lovedly
Passeth she on,
Never imagining
Love can be gone!

Full of affections,
Springing like flowers;
Friendships, attachments,
Strength'ning the hours!

Seeing no autumn—
Fearing no change;
Earth is a paradise
Angels yet range!

Nature's a theatre,
Lit by the stars—
None but the actors
Its loveliness mars!

Deep is the drama—
Grand as a dream—
Life and Eternity
Being its theme!

Oh! for youth's purity,
Oh! for youth's glance,
Seeing futurity
Thus, through romance!

Woe for experience!
Hourly it sends
Sorrow to loveliness,
Coldness to friends!

Woe for attachments!
Love that deceives;
Hopes that are falling,
Withered like leaves!

Better, thus beautiful,
Die in her youth,
Than suffer the sorrow
Of knowing the truth;

Children's Crying.

There is an immense deal to be learnt, too, in the varieties of children's crying. Not only in the judgment of the child's individual character, but for sound instruction in the arts of passion and pathos. There is a good, earnest, open roar, quickly raised and quickly spent, which is of excellent promise—the explosion of a good heart, which clears the air without muddying the ground. And there is a patient, monotonous, wearing-out snivel, with no expenditure of strength or voice, which augurs a weak intellect, and one of those amiable dispositions which provokes you more than a decidedly bad one. Each of these is an excellent study—the one to intimidate, and the other to tire—rarely failing of their end on any stage, but neither succeed in touching the heart. For this, however children are matchless as examples. There is a depth of helpless, prostrate affliction; sobs, and sighs, now hemmed in, now breaking forth again, with a sobbing kind of back-water stroke; which one could imagine the Babes of the Wood to have uttered at the very moment they laid down and died, that "no heart that breathes with human breath" could ever resist. And then again there is a pale, hopeless look, with quiet, trickling tears, as if the little heart were driven to the last refuge of self-pity, or had caught the first glimmering of the meaning of despair, which is ten times worse:

What is so shrill as silent tears?

Most children cry, and it is a safe and and desirable sign. Some cry to please themselves, and some to please their mothers. There are only two sorts who abstain, as different as light and darkness, though often confounded. The one is the haughty spirit, the other the sullen temper. The first with gentle usage and implicit trust, you need never despair of; the latter, alas! will tire out the fondest physician.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Rewards of Literature.

Stowe, the famous historian, devoted his life and exhausted his patrimony in the study of English antiquities; he traveled on foot throughout the kingdom, inspecting all the monuments of antiquity, and rescuing what he could from the dispersed libraries of the monasteries. His stupendous collections, in his own handwriting, still exist to provoke the feeble industry of literary loiterers. He felt through life the enthusiasm of study, and seated in his monkish library, living with the dead more than with the living, he was still a student of taste; for Spenser, the poet, visited the library of Stowe, and the first good edition of Chaucer was made so chiefly by the labors of our author. Late in life, worn out by study and the cares of poverty, neglected by that proud metropolis of which he had been the historian, yet his good humor did not desert him; for being afflicted with sharp pains in his aged feet, he observed that "his affliction lay in that part formerly he made so much of." Many a mile had he wandered, many a pound had he yielded for those treasures of antiquities which had exhausted his fortune, and with which he had formed works of great public utility. It was in his eightieth year that Stowe at length received a public acknowledgment of his services, which will appear to us of a very extraordinary nature. He was so reduced in his circumstance, that he *petitioned* James I. for a *license to collect alms* for himself, "as a recompense for his labor and travel of *forty-five years* in setting forth the chronicles of England, and *eight years* taken up in the survey of the cities of London and Westminster, towards his relief, now in his old age, having left his former means of living, and only employed himself for the service and good of his country." Letters patent under the great seal were granted. After a penurious commendation of Stowe's labors, he is permitted "to gather the benevolence of well-disposed people within this realm of England; to ask, gather, and take the alms of all our loving subjects." These letters patent were to be published by the clergy from their pulpits; they produced so little, that they were renewed for another twelvemonth; one entire parish in the city contributed seven shillings and sixpence! Such, then, was the patronage received by Stowe, to be a licensed beggar throughout the kingdom for a twelvemonth! Such was the public remuneration of a man who had been useful to his nation, but not to himself!—*Hogg's Weekly Instructor.*

Mechanic Arts.

It is through the mechanics arts alone, that we can become truly independent of foreign nations, and establish an interchange between the producer, the manufacturer, and the consumer, which will increase the wealth and lighten the burthens of each, by retaining among ourselves the net profit of labor, and thus avoiding the drain of the precious metals for supplies. The mechanic arts are worthy of patronage from their progressive character, and the promise they hold out to us of acquiring a complete mastery over inanimate nature. The progress of agriculture, within the last half century, though great in itself and full of future promise, has been but a tardy movement, in comparison with the swift advancement of the mechanic arts. The steamboat, the locomotive, the power-loom, and the power-press, have all been brought into use since the beginning of the present century, and what a revolution have they wrought upon the face of the globe! How have they brought together and linked different States and Countries! What millions have they clothed, and what millions enlightened! Suppose we were at once deprived of these great gifts of mechanic art, and suddenly cut off from the cheap and abundant supply of the means of knowledge, our necessary clothing doubled in cost, and our products reduced to half their value for want of speedy and economical means of transport to market, our intelligence from the seat of government, from our distant friends, and from the old world, as well as our personal communication with other parts of our country, retarded and delayed for want of our accustomed means of transport and locomotion, what value should we not attach to these, now, almost unnoticed blessings, and what efforts and sacrifices should we not be ready to encounter to regain them? Yet we may well judge of the future from the past, and the progress of natural knowledge, upon which all mechanical art is founded, authorizes us to expect that the remaining half of the nineteenth century will be as fertile in improvements as the portion of it which has already elapsed. The mechanic arts are eminently democratic in their tendency. They popularize knowledge, they cheapen and diffuse the comforts and elegances as well as the necessaries of life, they demand and develope intelligence in those who pursue them, they are at once the most profitable customers of the agriculturist, and the most munificent patrons of the investigator of nature's laws.—*Hon. George P. Marsh.*

Children's Playthings.

As regards the manufacture of playthings expressly for children, it does seem, under these circumstances, something like sending coals to Newcastle. Still they are excellent devices for saving furniture, which was doubtless the origin of their invention.—There is a delicate art, however, in their adaptation, which is too often neglected.—Children are real poets in feeling. All they want is to have their ideas suggested; supply them too fully, and they stop. Playthings will often destroy play. They are to children what words are to music; the first condition is, that they should not express too much. There is something withering to a child's fancy in an elaborate toy, which leaves nothing for him to "make believe." An over-dressed doll, or an over-stocked doll's house, are never the objects of much real play, or not till the child has dismantled and destroyed them to such a degree as to clear away some space for his own contrivance.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

Poetry.

"Wrong, upon earth imperious, may o'erpower
And crush the mortal; Virtue may stand back
Nor help him; even the clemency of Heaven
May fail; the urn, the ashes laid within,
Violence may scatter; but on those who die
Thro' wretchedness, and undeservedly,
Compassionate and faithful verse attends
And drives oblivion from the wasted tomb."
[*Landor's Hellenics.*

AGRICULTURAL.

THE HORTICULTURIST for April just published by M. H. Newman & Co., of this city, has for its first article another of those excellent papers of the editor on the proper treatment of different soils, and the improvement of such as are deficient in the proper qualities. We make the following extract:

The natural remedy for a heavy clay soil in a kitchen garden, is to mix sand with it. This acts like a charm upon the stubborn alumina, and, allowing the atmospheric influences to penetrate where they were formerly shut out, gives a stimulus, or rather an opportunity, to vegetable growth, which quickly produces its result in the quantity and quality of the crops.

But it not unfrequently happens that sand is not to be had abundantly and cheaply enough to enable the proprietor of moderate means to effect this beneficial change. In this case, we propose to the kitchen gardner to achieve his object by another mode, equally efficient, and so easy and cheap as to be within the reach of almost every one.

This is to alter the texture of too heavy soils, by burning a portion of the clay.

Very few of our practical gardners seem to be aware of two important facts. First, that clay, when once burnt, never regains its power of cohesion, but always remains in a pulverized state; and, therefore, is just as useful, mechanically, in making a heavy soil light, as sand itself. Second, that burnt clay, by its power of attracting from the atmosphere those gases, which are the food of vegetables, is really a most excellent manure itself. Hence, in any clayey kitchen garden, where brush, faggots, or refuse fuel of any description can be had, there is no reason why its cold compact soil should not be turned at once, by this process of burning the clay, into one comparatively light, warm and productive.

The difficulty which stands in the way of the kitchen gardener, who has to content with a very light and too sandy soil, is its want of capacity for retaining moisture, and the consequent failure of the summer crops.

In some instances this is very easily remedied. We mean in those cases where a loam or heavier subsoil lies below the surface. Trenching, or subsoil ploughing, by bringing up a part of the alumina from below, and mixing it with the sand of the surface soil, remedies the defect very speedily. But where the subsoil is no better than the top, or perhaps even worse, there are but two modes of overcoming this bad constitution of the soil. One of those is, to grasp the difficulty at once by applying a coat of clay to the surface of the soil, and mixing it with the soil as you would manure; the other (a less expensive and more gradual process) is to manure the kitchen garden every year with compost, in which clay or strong loam forms a large proportion.

It may seem, to many persons, quite out of the question to attempt to ameliorate sandy soils by adding clay. But it is surprising how small a quantity of clay, thoroughly intermingled with the loosest sandy soil, will give it a different texture, and convert it into a good loam. And even in sandy districts there are often valleys and low places, quite near the kitchen garden, where a good stock of clay lies, (perhaps quite unsuspected,) ready for uses of this kind.

In the *Journal of the Agricultural Society of England* a case is quoted, (vol. ii, p. 67,) where the soil was a white sand, varying in depth from one to four feet; it was so sterile that no crops could ever be grown upon it to profit. By giving it a top-dressing of clay, at the rate of 150 cubic yards to the acre, the whole surface of the farm so treated was improved to the depth of ten or twelve inches, so as to give excellent crops.

Since a soil, once rendered more tenacious in this way, never loses this tenacity, the improvement of the kitchen garden, where economy is necessary, might be carried on gradually, by taking one or two compartments in hand every year; thus, in a gradual manner, bringing the whole surface to the desired condition.

A great deal may also be done, as we have just suggested, by a judicious system of manuring very sandy soils. It is the common practice to enrich these soils precisely like all others; that is, with the lighter and more heating kinds of manures; stable dung, for example. Nothing could be more injudicious. Every particle of animal manure used in too light a soil ought, for the kitchen garden, to be composted for some time previously, with eight or ten times its bulk of strong loam or clay. In this way, that change in the soil so much to be desired is brought about; and the whole mass of clay compost, made in this way, is really equal in value, for such sandy soils, to the same bulk of common stable manure.

Whatever the soil of a kitchen garden, our experience has taught us that it should be deep. It is impossible that the steady and uniform moisture at the roots, indispensable to the continuous growth of many crops, during the summer months, can be maintained in a soil which is only one spade deep. Hence we would trench or subsoil-plough all kitchen gardens, (taking care, first, that they are well drained,) whether sandy or clayey in texture. We know that many persons, judging from theory rather than practice, cannot see the value of deepening soils already too porous. But we have seen its advantages strongly marked in more than one instance, and, therefore, recommend it with confidence. It is only necessary to examine light soils, trenched and untrenched, to be convinced of this. The roots in the former penetrate and gather nourishment from twice the cubic area that they do in the latter; and they are not half so easily affected by the atmospheric changes of temperature.